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SINGULAR MODE OF WARFARE IN INDIA.

SIEGE OF THE FORT AND TOWN OF SURSIA.

THE annexed view is given principally with the design of showing the singular mode of warfare practised by the army under the Nabob Khan Bahadur, and of the ingenious construction of the fort. It displays, also, in a remarkable manner, one of those stirring events which distinguished the Mahratta war, in 1803, when the British troops were commanded by those celebrated leaders, General Lake and the Marquis of Hastings.

The British having received orders to march for Futtabad, and ultimately to subvert the fort and town of Suria, the capital of Khan Bahadur Khan, chief of the Mahratta army, whose fort bordered on the Beckermah river, and having been joined by a detachment of Mahratta troops, their army comprised about five hundred fighting men, with some pieces of cannon. On their approach the British evacuated the fort of Futtabad and fled, and the British pitched their camp to the westward. Nabob Khan Bahadur's capital was situated about thirty-five miles further westward. The walls enclose the town and fort were said to be impregnable, and that the Nabob had assembled his whole tribe and nation of Batties to oppose us. The baggage and ammunition having arrived, the army left Futtabad, and came to sight of the town and fort a little after sunrise, when the troops halted, and the officers held a council of war. Major Brownrigg differed from the other officers, and ordered the place to be taken by storm; which attack ultimately failed, and in which the Major was killed. The command of the army now devolved upon Captain Long, who changed his position in order to meet the enemy's charge, who now appeared clad with success. The Batties charged with a spear and dart about twenty feet long, very much like what we read of in former times at the battle of Plokeny: an implement of war used by the Scots in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The enemy, seeing the British prepared to meet their charge, appeared desperate, driving in an herd of buffaloes on the line—no doubt with a view of breaking it. After an obstinate contest, the British, having lost many valuable officers and men, halted in their attack, and had to bear the brunt of the enemy's charges and attacks, armed with matchlocks, spears, and darts. But reinforcements having arrived, the enemy was kept at bay, and enabled the British to retrograde to Futtabad.

In the ever-memorable campaign of 1803, General Lake gained a victory over the Mahratta army and the French general, Perron, on the plain of Delhi, and delivered Shah Asiam, whom they had held in captivity. He afterwards triumphed over Scindia and Holkar, and obliged the latter to conclude a treaty of peace in February, 1806.

Manners and Customs.

MUG-HOUSES OF LONDON.

MDCCLXII.

We are informed by Sir Henry Spelman, that "in the reigns of King Edward the Third, only three taverns were allowed in London: one in Chepe, one in Walbrooke, and the other in Lombard-street." These convivial places of meeting gradually increased in number and convenience, and from them sprung the various Clubs, until almost every parish in the city of London in 1722 had its separate club, where the citizens, after the fatigue of the day was over, in their shops and on Exchange, unbent their thoughts before they went to bed.

But the most diverting or amusing of all, is the *Mug-house Club* in Long-acre; where, every Wednesday and Saturday, a mixture of gentlemen, lawyers and tradesmen, meet in a great room, and are seldom under a hundred. They have a grave old gentleman, in his own gray hairs, now within a few months of ninety years old, who is their president, and sits in an armed chair some steps higher than the rest of the company, to keep the whole room in order. A harp always plays all the time at the lower end of the room, and every now and then one or other of the company rises and entertains the rest with a song, and (by-the-bye) some are good masters. Here is nothing drunk but ale, and every gentleman hath his separate mug, which he chalks on the table where he sits as it is brought in; and every one retires when he pleases, as from a coffee-house. The room is always so diverted with song, and drinking from one table to another to one another's healths, that there is no room for politics, or any thing that can sour conversation. One must be up by seven to get room, and after ten the company are, for the most part, gone. This is a winter's amusement that is agreeable enough to a stranger for once or twice, and he is well diverted with the different humours when the mugs overflow.

On King George's accession to the throne, the Tories had so much the better of their friends to the Protestant succession, that they gained the mobs on all public days to their side. This induced a set of gentlemen to establish *Mug-houses* in all the corners of this great city, for well-affected tradesmen to meet and keep up the spirit of loyalty to the Protestant succession, and to be ready, upon all tumults, to join their forces for the suppression of the Tory mobs. Many an encounter they had, and many were the riots, till at last the police was obliged, by an act of parliament, to put an end to this city-strife, which had this good effect; that upon pulling down of the *Mug-houses* in Salisbury-court, for which some boys were hanged on this act, the city has not been troubled with them since.—*A Journey through England.*

FATIMA AND ALFONSO CASTAN;

OR, MOORISH CUSTOMS.

Written expressly for the Mirror.

BY JULIUS L. SCHRODER.

A HALF century has scarcely elapsed since the piratical expeditions fitted out from the ports of the States of Barbary, kept the European trade of the Mediterranean in continual terror. The most powerful maritime Christian states had continually to negotiate for the ransom of captives delivered over to horrible slavery, after the loss of their ships and merchandize. In some few instances, when the captives were found possessed of attainments that fitted them for better service than husbandry or upon the public works, they were engaged in employments of a less harassing nature, and, occasionally, they were raised to confidential situations by their masters. The punishment which has been inflicted by England and France upon the piratical states of Africa have, at last, nearly exterminated their power of mischief, and a voyage on the Mediterranean is not now to be dreaded on account of the Moors—the Greeks are now the pirates of that sea.

The incidents upon which our present paper is written, took place before the first bombardment of Algiers by the English fleet. The main circumstances are said to be strictly true; they are certainly highly romantic.

Alfonso Castan, the son of a merchant of Barcelona, was a young man of accomplished manners; and, like other young men who have the means, eager to see something of the world beyond his native town.

His father, upon Alfonso's repeated entreaty, at last consented him to the care of a captain about to proceed to England with a cargo of frank. Young Castan, who had been brought up to mercantile pursuits, was to act as supercargo. His heart was elated with joy, when the arrangements were concluded, and the broad sheet of the *Xaviere* fitted in the wind as the anchor was raised. The benediction of the old man accompanied his last instructions to his son—Alfonso was affected as the boat bearing his sire dropped away from the ship's side;—the next moment his buoyant spirits were totally absorbed by the bustle of all around him, whilst the vessel cleared the harbour.

The very first night of the voyage, proved the uncertainty of human speculations. The *Xaviere* had just rounded the Capo de Palos, when, about midnight, she found herself chased by a vessel whose superior sailing shewed escape impossible. The Spaniards soon found it was an enemy, and that no other means of escape were left than might be found in resistance. The fight was bloody and short, for the crew of the armed vessel grappled the merchantmen; and, by their superior numbers, soon decided its fate. The captain and several men were killed in the engagement.—Alfonso

Castan and a few men were obliged to surrender, after a desperate resistance.

The captor proved to be a Tunisian vessel, and, before daybreak, was clear of the Spanish coast, with her prize in company. In a few days they anchored safely in the harbour of Tunis. A few more placed young Alfonso in the hands of Yessuf, a principal merchant of the place, who, finding the youth conversant with business, bought him at a good price. Alfonso soon found that resignation, and a constant endeavour to secure his master's favourable opinion, were the only methods of lessening the evils of his situation; that of his ship-companions was worse; they were chained two and two, and forced to work upon the repairs of the pier. Yessuf soon found Alfonso useful in the transaction of his business in the port, for the young Spaniard spoke the Moorish language fluently.

In the course of several months, the confidence of Yessuf in the ability and conduct of Alfonso became so settled, that he took him occasionally as a relaxation to the country seat of the merchant, a few miles from Tunis, where Yessuf's family constantly resided. On these occasions, Yessuf would treat his young captive, now about nineteen years of age, with the kindness of an equal, but was always earnest to persuade him to embrace the faith of the prophet. Alfonso as constantly, with the utmost submission to his master's will in every other respect, could not be induced to renounce his religion. The merchant upon these refusals never betrayed anger, but at times seemed to Alfonso unaccountably perplexed. Yessuf had, in fact, formed a strong attachment towards Alfonso, and some flattering schemes for his advancement, which could not be brought to bear whilst Alfonso remained firm to his own faith.

The noble frankness of Alfonso, his capacity for business, and his integrity in all that was committed to him, had gained Yessuf's esteem and confidence. Sometimes the Moor would sorrowfully allude to the loss of his two sons by the plague; but, beyond that, made no reference to his family. By the Turkish customs of reserve, Alfonso, in all his visits to the country seat of his master, had only seen the domestic slaves who attended upon them, and Yessuf never made the slightest allusion to his family residing under the same roof. "Wert thou but a disciple of our true prophet!" would Yessuf often ejaculate in a half reverie—and would then turn the subject to some one of business or news.

Alfonso had thus been frequently the guest, rather than the slave—for his master would engage him for hours in the beautiful gardens of his place, and direct every recreation to be provided for his amusement; yet Yessuf always accompanied him to and from the gardens, and not any one but the male attendants had Alfonso ever seen in them or in the house.

Upon one of these visits to the country seat of Yessuf, Alfonso was surprised to find his

chamber regularly furnished at noon—when he retired to rest according to the custom during the heats of the afternoon—with a small bouquet of flowers, fresh-gathered, and invariably the same, tied with a rose-coloured ribbon—a jessamine bud, a violet, an orange flower, and a rose, were constantly, day by day, deposited in a small crystal vase upon the marble table upon which the fruits for his refreshment were placed. However the supply of fruits and confectionary varied, the bouquet was invariable in its composition. It was in the middle of the summer, and Yessuf had intimated that he would require Alfonso's stay for a fortnight.

In vain did Alfonso endeavour to divine why the same flowers were placed on successive days with the fruits. On the fourth, he had quitted Yessuf, who dismissed him, and retired to his own apartment. Alfonso found in his, the repetition of the bouquet, and in musing upon the affair he fell asleep upon the ottoman. A gentle tap upon his shoulder aroused him; a veiled female stood by him.

"Why dost thou not return thy mistress's love-token?" inquired the figure in a low voice, motioning him at the same time to quietness; "she has sent the flowers to an ungrateful man for three days."

"Who! what art thou! what the meaning of this!" said Alfonso, starting, and half awake.

"I am Zaffai, the slave of my beauteous mistress—even Fatima, the only daughter of thy master, Yessuf—she hath sent thee love-flowers, and thou returnest none, and my mistress is unheeded by thee."

"I am a stranger to the customs here, and know not the language of love-flowers, but I would like to know what to return to thy beauteous mistress," rejoined Alfonso, scarcely believing the reality of the scene.

"The jessamine and the violet together mean hope to meet at the jessamine arbour in the garden,"—the orange flower expectation of an answer—the rose-bud is in commendation of thy manly beauty, which my mistress loves,—and thou shouldest have returned a violet and a jessamine flower, to show thy intention to meet her, and a sunflower, with one quarter plucked away to denote one hour, or two quarters two hours after sun set—and an amaranth to show that thou wilt be constant, and true to her love only—flowers form all love's interchange of thought here," replied Zaffai in the same low voice. Alfonso's imagination and curiosity were equally raised by this singular explanation, without considering the danger of a love adventure with his lord's daughter, or the improbability of any successful result, his ardent mind was at once carried away by the infatuation of being the object of love to a beautiful young Moor. "Ah," replied he, "I little knew the language of love-

flowers, but give my humble duty to your lovely mistress, and say that I send her the amaranth and the jessamine and the rose; and this night, one or two hours after sun-set—according as I may be dismissed by her father for the night—I will meet her in the jessamine alcove."

Zaffai nodded satisfaction at the result of her interview, and drew from her bosom a large bouquet. Alfonso made his debut in love-flower intercourse, and selected the proper ones, which he tied with the rose ribbon, the assurance of satisfaction, and gave it to Zaffai for her mistress. "Take this, assure her I will be true."

Zaffai smiled—"Fatima shall never then have to send her lover the pale marigold to signify her despair, nor the chequered tulip to reproach him with inconstancy!"

"Never! never!" replied Alfonso in the same low tone. Before the last assurance was uttered, Zaffai had glided out of his chamber as softly as she had glided in.

The young Spaniard, left to his reflections, could scarcely believe the reality of what had passed, he was only assured by finding the bouquet sent him, to have been abstracted from the vase. Zaffai, in care for her own character as messenger, had taken it to prove to her mistress that she had really performed the arduous undertaking of seeing Alfonso in his chamber, and of obtaining his answer. We must not judge the customs of the sun-inspired maidens of Africa's finest clime by our manners. A Barbary girl always makes the first advances to her lover, or, rather, to the object of her love, by the delicate-speaking combination of nature's fairest flowers;—the answer must be equally delicate—flowers must convey the assurance of attachment and constancy as an answer to the overture of a maiden's fresh, untainted hopes—if they be received with coldness and unrequited affection, virgin pride assumes its empire—nor violet, nor rose is again sent if an ivy leaf or laurel blossom be returned for the fair flowers arranged by the settled vocabulary of this primitive mode of intercourse.

As the evening approached, Alfonso attended his lord to spend two hours in the gardens, according to their custom. Yessuf was, on that afternoon, peculiarly earnest with the youthful captive to ascertain if any change had occurred in his opposition to become Muselman. The old man led him to the very alcove which was to be the scene of an interview that his soul would have abhorred—between his only daughter and an infidel.

Alfonso's heart beat violently with the thoughts that then pressed him—he was seated by the father in the very place where he had pledged his faith to hazard a most dangerous interview with the daughter.

Yessuf pressed his hand kindly between both his, whilst he reclined upon the ottoman upon which he had placed his young friend—for such was now their relation. Yessuf

* The intercourse of love by the combination of flowers, is practiced in Barbary and Persia to a perfection perfectly astonishing to a stranger.

looked Alfonso full in the face, it was one of Nature's best fashion;—regular, open, manly, and intelligent; a form of the most symmetrical cast, added to the graces of his expressive countenance.

No wonder the affections of the daughter were fixed where the father had seen,—and discoursed upon,—so much perfection.

The sun's level rays shewed Alfonso's features to advantage; his mind was engaged with other business than that which occupied Yessuf's. Alfonso's eye fell abashed under the earnest gaze of his lord.

"Two sons I have lost, but Allah's will be done," ejaculated Yessuf, whilst he still gazed upon Alfonso, "but thou art the very picture of my first-born, and he had thy virtues and thy manly form, would that thou wert of the faithful—my Alfonso! thou wouldst then replace my loss, thou shouldst be the light of my decaying lamp, and my grey hairs should be honoured in my declining age. Alfonso, I have—" here the old man grasped his hand more firmly, and his voice faltered—"I have—but I may not tell *these*, thy religion is not that of my fathers—but yet thou hast the uprightness and integrity of our race, and the honest man is the same before the great Allah whatever be his creed. Alfonso—I have a treasure too vast to be committed to—no, thou couldst not help being—Christian—thy fathers were—the child of my old age—now mine only one—" Alfonso's agitation had been increasing gradually, his feelings were now intense—"a daughter who is dearer to me than all my wealth."

(To be continued.)

RULES FOR THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

LETTER FROM SIR HENRY SIDNEY TO HIS SON, SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Son PHILIP,—I have received two letters from you, the one written in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part, and will that you exercise that practice of learning often, for it will stand you in stead, in that profession of life which you are born to live in; and now since that this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh me to write you, to follow as documents to you in this tender age. Let your first action be the lifting up of your hands and mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditations and thinking of him to whom you pray, and use this as an ordinary hour, whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that thing which you are accustomed in that time.

2. Apply your earnest study such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, and the time I know he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health; and mark the sense and matter

of that you read, as well as the words; so shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years grow on you.

3. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey, you, and to feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you hereafter.

4. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with universality of reverence, according to the dignity of the person; there is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost.

5. Use moderate diet, so as after your meat you may find wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy.

6. Seldom drink wines, and yet sometimes do, lest being forced to drink upon the sudden you should find yourself inflamed.

7. Use exercise of body, but such as is without price of your bones or joints, it will much increase your force, and enlarge your breath.

8. Delight to be cleanly, as well as in all parts of your body, as in your garments, it shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise loathsome.

9. Give yourself to be merry; for you degenerate from your father if you find not yourself most able in wit and body to do any thing, when you be most merry; but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is harder to be cured than that which is given by a sword.

10. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk than a beginner, or procurer of speech, otherwise you will be accounted to delight to hear yourself speak.

11. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuffed of light fellows for a maiden shamedness, than of your sober friends for port boldness.

12. Think of every word you will speak before you utter it, and remember how nature hath, as it were, hampered up the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips, and all thatoken reins and bridles to the restraining of betoken members.

13. Above all things, tell no untruth, no not in trifles, the custom of it is nought; and let it not satisfy you that the hearers for a time take it for a truth, for afterwards it will be known as it is to shame, and there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar.

14. Study, and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied, so shall you make such a habit of well doing, as you shall not know how to do evil though you would.

15. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of by your mother's side, and think, that only by a virtuous life, and good actions, you may be an ornament to your illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you may be esteemed *labes generis*, one

of the greatest curses that can happen to a man: well, my little Philip, this is enough for me, and I fear too much for you at this time, but yet if I find that this light meat of digestion do nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed you with tougher food. Farewell; your mother and I send you our blessing, and Almighty God grant you his; nourish you with his fear, guide you with his grace, and make you a good servant to your prince and country.

Your loving Father,
HENRY SIDNEY.

ON SUICIDE.*

SUICIDE, as is well known, is often the result of certain directions of the intelligence in relation to prevalent institutions and customs. It is very questionable whether the Hindoo widow, who ascends the funeral pile of her husband in obedience to the religion of her country, is to be considered as insane. The sceptic who considered death an eternal sleep, and who killed himself because his cook spoiled a favourite dish, when looked at abstracted from the habits of the people with whom he had all his lifetime associated, and the irreligious tone of the society he had kept, ought to be viewed as mad; and yet how impossible it is to come to a sound conclusion on this subject, and lay down a general rule which could be applicable to all cases.

Of 6,782 cases of suicide examined carefully by M. Falleraie, detailed in the records of the police, the following is the analysis:—

Disappointed love†	254
Jealousy	92
Humiliated self-love	53
Grief	120
Remorse for misdeeds	49
Blighted ambition	122
Reverse of fortune	322
Gambling	135
General bad conduct	1,287
Domestic chagrin	728
Misery	905
Misanthropy	3

The causes of the remaining numbers were not ascertained.

Dr. Schlegel traces the disposition to commit suicide among the English, Germans, and Russians, to intemperance, in France to love and gambling, and in Spain to bigotry.

M. Falret has stated several extraordinary facts, which prove incontestably that suicide has prevailed epidemically, particularly in time of great public distress, and when the constitution of the air has been very hot and moist. In 1818, in the small village of St. Pierre Nonjou, in the Valais, one woman hung herself, and many others followed her example, when

the civil authorities adopted means of preventing the contagion from spreading. At one period, at Lyons, the women were seized with a propensity to commit suicide, by throwing themselves into the wells of the city; this desire raged epidemically. A gentleman informed Dr. Burrows that when he was at Malta, a few years after the island was taken by the British, suicide became so alarmingly common that every means was tried to put a stop to it, but nothing succeeded till the commandant resolved to deny the bodies of suicides Christian burial, and to treat them with every indignity. This had the desired effect.

That the disposition to commit suicide may be hereditary is a point about which there cannot be a doubt. M. Falret gives a striking instance of this. A young man committed suicide at Paris, and his brother was sent for from the country to attend his funeral. At seeing the body he was seized with great agitation, and exclaimed, with melancholy foreboding, "Alas! my poor father died by his own hand, and now my brother has fallen a victim to the same fate, which awaits me also, as I have been strongly tempted on my way hither to follow their example, and I cannot avoid it." A similar case is mentioned by Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia.

The blood-thirsty miscreant, Robespierre, is said to have been of a "costive habit, and to have been much subject to derangement of the liver." After death it is said that "his bowels were found one adherent mass." It is, indeed, morally and physiologically speaking, an interesting question to discuss how far these morbid ailments influenced this monster in the bloody career in which he was engaged.

The *tadium vita*, or *ennui*, which is so often the cause among our friends across the Channel, is only to be subdued by moral treatment. Imagined distress is often relieved by the person being subjected to the real ills of life. It is indeed difficult to restore enjoyment to the man who has quite exhausted it. Here the advice which Fenelon gives to Dionysius the tyrant, by the mouth of Diogenes will naturally apply:—"To restore his appetite he must be made to feel hunger; and to make his splendid palace tolerable to him, he must be put into my tub, which is at present empty."

If an Englishman commits suicide, it generally arises from some sudden reverse of fortune, or grievous disappointment, which is allowed to prey upon his mind, until he is induced to seek relief in the arms of death. In great mercantile communities, where men may be reduced in a few minutes from affluence to beggary, the crime of suicide will prevail. Wounded pride, disappointment, the schemes of an existence laid in the dust, the insulting pity of friends, the humbled despair of all our dearest connections, for whom, perhaps, we toiled and wrought; the height from which we have fallen, the impossibility of regaining what we have lost, the searching curiosity of the public, all rushing upon a man's

* By Forbes Winslow, M. R. C. S. L.

† One hundred and fifty-seven were females.

mind, in the sudden convulsion and turbulence of its elements, what wonder that he welcomes the only escape from the abyss into which he has been hurried!

They manage these things, however, better in France. With the French, a trifling loss at dice or cards, or simple *ennui*, are sufficient motives for committing self-destruction. "Life," said a Frenchman, who had exhausted all his external sources of enjoyment, and had no internal ones to fly to, "has given me the head-ache, and I want a good sleep in the churchyard to set me to rights; to procure which he deliberately cut his throat."

"The members of 'The Society of the Friends of Suicide,' formed in Paris," says an eminent English author, in alluding to the mental characteristics of the French people, "ask you to see them go off," as if death was a place in the *malle postie*. "Will you dine with me to-day?" said a Frenchman to a friend. "With the greatest pleasure: yet, now I think of it, I am particularly engaged to shoot myself; one cannot get off such an engagement." This is not the suicide *à-la-mode* with us. We ape at no such extra refinement or civilization. We can be romantic without blowing out our brains. English lovers, when the course of true love is interrupted, do not retire to some secluded spot, and rush into the next world by a brace of pistols tied up with cherry-coloured ribbands. When we do shoot ourselves, it is done with true English gravity; it is no joke with us.

But, to be serious—Dr. Schlegel has dwelt at much length on the abandoned state of the inhabitants of the French metropolis; and after giving us some most important statistical details respecting the number of suicides committed there, and the causes which led to them, he alludes to the gross immorality of the people, and concludes by denouncing the Parisian capital as a suffocating, boiling caldron, in which, as in the stew of Macbeth's witches, there simmer, with a modicum of virtue, all kinds of passions, vices, and crimes."

The English, then, are not, *par excellence*, a suicidal people. When the inhabitants of a country are industrious and prudent, the crime of self-destruction will be rare. Out of 120,000 persons, who insured their lives in the London Equitable Insurance Company, the number of suicides, in twenty years, was only fifteen. The Irish are said to be the least disposed, of all nations in the world, to commit suicide. Dublin and Naples are the two cities in which fewest suicides occur; yet, in both, the poorer classes are poor indeed. Dr. Graves observes, that an Irishman often murders his neighbour, but he has too high a sense of propriety to think of killing himself. The fact is, that the prevalence of murder prevents the necessity for suicide.

The popular notion that more suicides are committed in the month of November than at any other period of the year, is founded on erroneous data. Taking the average number

of suicides in each month, from the years 1817 to 1826, it was as follows:—

January	213
February	218
March	275
April	274
May	328
June	336
July	301
August	286
September	246
October	196
November	131
December	217

3,133

It has been clearly established, that, in all the European capitals, when anything like correct data can be obtained, the *maximum* of suicide is in the months of June and July, the *minimum* in October and November. It appears from this, that the disposition has most to do with high temperature; for it has been proved that, when the thermometer of Fahrenheit ranges from 80 to 90 degrees, suicide becomes more prevalent.

With reference to the mode of terminating life, it is said by competent authorities that, in early life, death by hanging is preferred; in middle life, fire-arms become fashionable; and that, in more advanced years, the rope again is in vogue. Suicide is less frequent among females than males.

CATARACT OF THE VELINO.

"FROM Spoleto we went to Terni, and saw the cataract of the Velino. The glaciers of Montanvert and the source of the Arveiron is the grandest spectacle I ever saw. This is the second. Imagine a river sixty feet in breadth, with a vast volume of waters, the outlet of a great lake among the higher mountains, falling three hundred feet into a sightless gulf of snow-white vapour, which bursts up for ever and for ever from a circle of black crags, and thence leaping downwards, make five or six other cataracts, each fifty or a hundred feet high, which exhibit, on a smaller scale, and with beautiful and sublime variety, the same appearances. But words, (and far less could painting) will not express it. Stand upon the brink of the platform of cliff, which is directly opposite. You see the ever-moving water stream down. It comes in thick and tawny folds, flaking off like solid snow gliding down a mountain. It does not seem hollow within, but without it is unequal, like the folding of linen thrown carelessly down; your eye follows it, and it is lost below; not in the black rocks which gird it around, but in its own foam and spray, in the cloud-like vapours boiling up from below, which is not like rain, nor mist, nor spray, nor foam, but water, in a shape wholly unlike anything I ever saw before. It is as white as snow, but thick and impenetrable to the eye. The very imagination is bewildered in it. A thunder comes up

from the abyss wonderful to hear; for, though it ever sounds, it is never the same, but modulated by the changing motion, rises and falls intermittently; we passed half-an-hour in one spot looking at it, and thought but a few minutes had gone by. The surrounding scenery is, in its kind, the loveliest and most sublime that can be conceived. In our first walk we passed through some olive groves, of large and ancient trees, whose hoary and twisted trunks leaned in all directions. We then crossed a path of orange trees by the river side, laden with their golden fruit, and came to a forest of ilex of a large size, whose ever-green and acorn-bearing boughs were intertwined over our winding path. Around, hemming in the narrow vale, were pinnales of lofty mountains of pyramidal rock clothed with all evergreen plants and trees; the vast pine, whose feathery foliage trembled in the blue air—the ilex, that ancestral inhabitant of these mountains—the arbutus, with its crimson-coloured fruit and glittering leaves. After an hour's walk, we came beneath the cataract of Terni, within the distance of half-a-mile: nearer you cannot approach, for the Nar, which has here its confluence with the Velino, bars the passage. We then crossed the river formed by this confluence, over a narrow natural bridge of rock, and saw the cataract from the platform I first mentioned. We think of spending some time next year near this water-fall. The inn is very bad, or we should have stayed there longer."—*From Essays, &c., by Percy Bysshe Shelley.* [Moxon.]

FAREWELL TO MY HOME.

Translated from the original German of his Serene Highness Prince Albert.

CAREFUL of always catering for the public gratification, by endeavouring to provide the choice things of the times and seasons, we no sooner ascertained that Prince Albert had adorned the literature of his native country with sundry specimens of pleasant poetry, than we immediately wrote to Germany for the purpose of obtaining this agreeable prize; and were speedily put in possession of several songs, ballads, &c., the poetry and music of which are the actual production of the Prince Albert. To set before the public these compositions has been our foremost desire; and we now, with thanks to the kindness of our friends, claim the title of being first in so doing. The subjoined translation we advance only as a specimen of others, in our possession, and which it is our intention to publish in due time, with the music. It will be allowed, we think, even from the following specimen alone, that no meagre measure of talent belongs to the Prince; and the literature of our land may already begin to flatter itself with the genial prospect of an Augustan Æra.—But we tarry—*Nova mirantur Poma.*

MEIN LEBEWOHL.

ONCE more let me view thee,
Dear Home of my Heart!
And must I thus leave thee,
Thus painfully part I—
From you, O fair meadows,
O hills hid in blue,
O groves of sweet singing-trees,
Must I leave you I—

Yes, far must I wander—
And distantly go,
Where the Alps plant their feet,
Upon foot-stools of snow:
Where with billows of purple,
Old ocean resounds
Round the shores of the isles,
And their uttermost bounds;
Then to regions far south—
Yet, wherever I roam
Shall my heart still remember
My Motherly Home.

So that, be I in bustle,
Or be I in strife,
On the stormy arena
Of turbulent life,
Where success clings to him
Who hath most might of mind,
And the powerless-hearted
Hangs laggard behind—

Or make I my wars
'Neath the blue-spreading sky—
Tho' my breast act the *Lion*—
Yet there too shall lie
A sweet *Lamb* at its side,
Which where'er I may roam,
Will still yearn for the lap
Of its Motherly Home.

I may march o'er the earth
In its breadth and its length,
While my youth is my shield,—
And my God is my strength,—
Fierce and fast thro' all dangers
Courageously tread,
And my sword do brave service
Where most 'tis in need.

But a day shall arrive—
(When I've struggled enough
To encounter the peril,
And buffet the rough,)—
When my heart shall throw off
Its old slough of dull sadness,
And awake all at once,
To a glorious gladness!
When the star shall arise,
And the day dawn in gold,
That shall summon me back,
To my Homestead of old.

Lo—I quicken my feet—
Lo—I hasten my pace—
Yonder sparkles already,
That day-spring of grace:
And its ray of rich sunlight
Displays the old door,
And its living gold, clusters
On casement and floor—
O, it lights me at last,
From my desolate room,
Once more to thy bosom,
My Motherly Home!



GOËTHE'S COTTAGE,

NEAR WEIMAR.

PERHAPS the most pleasing recollection in the intellectual memory, is the circumstance of having made a pilgrimage to the shrine of genius,—humble, albeit, as it usually is.

The residences of Burns, Cowper, Shakspeare, and other worthies, would form a delightful chapter "On Cottages." We are not sure that Lord Byron's Scottish boyhood was not spent in a house of that lowly, yet lovely order; and in the above delightful retreat, Goëthe's most philosophical moments ebbed tranquilly away; it was here, also, he used to relieve his mind from the thralldom of severe study, by contemplating the beauties of nature.

Those who have directed their steps to this resting-place of the German magician, will recognise the fidelity of the subjoined sketch.

To no man was it given to boast a longer or more brilliant career than Goëthe—who outlived most of his brethren of the lyre, and among them, Herder, Wieland, and Schiller. He combined within himself, the poet, philosopher, and man of the world: spent the major part of his existence in Weimar; and was enthusiastically admired and caressed, even by the potentates of the earth.

A man of more captivating manners could rarely be met with, provided he was tolerably sure of those with whom he associated; otherwise, a horror of being mis-described, and a jealousy of his reputation, changed all his wonted affability into reserve.

Goëthe and Wieland, in common with all men of the highest order of talent, invariably sunk literature when in society: they were too well-bred to carry their occupation constantly about them.

It was at Weimar that this great man principally resided; he paid yearly visits to Jena, and occasionally found his way to Toeplitz and

Carlsbad. In point of universality of talent, Goëthe stands pre-eminently distinguished above all his countrymen; poetry, criticism, romance-writing, painting, sculpture, and the sciences, have all occupied him by turns.

For some years prior to his death, Goëthe deserted the theatre, although it had once been the scene of his greatest glory; the fact was, that an actress named J—n, obtained so much influence over the grand-duke, that good taste and classical propriety were sacrificed to melodrama, and an importation of French mastiffs. From that moment Goëthe deserted a scene of so many triumphs, and which he and Schiller had rendered almost perfect as a school of acting. The work by which Goëthe is best known in this country, is his *Faust*;* though the translations convey to us a very inadequate notion of that admirable work. Byron and Shelley were the master-minds that should have undertaken it;† and therefore it can excite little surprise that among inferior spirits, possessing far more ambition than capability, such signal failures should have transpired.

The novels of Goëthe are vivacious, and written with much acuteness; but are, in too many cases, deformed by pruriency: his *Tasso* is a fine dramatic poem, and his *Werther* and *Götz of Berlichingen* (two of his earlier works) are still popular in his native country.

From his youth upwards, Goëthe was the favourite of fortune and of fame; and when he died, Weimar lost its greatest ornament, and the literature of Germany its monarch.

M. *

* *Vide Mirror*; vol. xxxiii, p. 266.

† The translation by Mr. Birch, which has just appeared, is a splendid work, correct to the letter and the spirit; and of course the finest in the language.

AN ICEBERG.

July 29th, 1838. Lat. 56° 20' S., Long. 63° 45' W. *Winds variable—rather squally. —squally, accompanied by snow. —to 4 o'clock, clear.*—While at dinner, the second mate calls down the companion, "an iceberg in sight." Our interest in this phenomenon, never witnessed by most of us, hurries us on deck. It lay about six miles a-head of us—we, sailing at the time, at about seven knots an hour, and daylight gradually disappearing. At that distance, the iceberg appeared like the heavy part of the sea, as it may be seen in the successive rise of the waves, but as if gathering round some solid body—the solid body more than our vessel's height. Its shape, when the eye was directed sufficiently long and intently upon it to embrace it, was that of a *debris* of a *cliff*. Its colour, when viewed, and by *moon* approach, compared to the waves now discernibly dashing upon it, was mixed—mostly whitish. We resumed our dinner, waiting our brig's progress nearer to the object. By the time we returned on deck, it had changed its originally drawn features, so far as to present the diversity of peaked hills, formed like a sugar-loaf, but more pointed. As we drew nearer, again it seemed composed of only two parts—the one near us resembling the detached end of a Gothic building, the part farther from us presenting an irregular, roundish shape. When still nearer, the Gothic part sub-divided itself into three or four parts, with the same general features,—the other retained its circular appearance. Our vessel rode within a hundred fathoms of the iceberg, when we could contemplate it distinctly. Unfortunately, none of us could sketch from nature,—though, perhaps, had any of us been able so to do, the cold would have rendered the effort imperfect or fruitless. The diverse and parted appearance of the iceberg, proved itself to have arisen from the near dissolution of one side of it; between which, and the other—the more sound and prominent part, there was formed a kind of basin, into which the waves were dashing furiously. The iceberg itself in its *material*, was like white sugar,—more correctly,—like the baked sugar on the top of a large cake. Its height diminished in our eyes as we approached, proving about a third only of our vessel; but what it lost in that respect, was made up by a more than proportionate increase in surface.

It is difficult to convey my impressions while contemplating this wondrous spectacle. They were, at first, impressions of mingled admiration and awe; but, as I dare say is the case always in corresponding circumstances, the latter sentiment soon absorbed the former. We may admire, and gaze upon nature, with tender emotion, in its accustomed form of hill, valley, and landscape; but, when a new object breaks in upon the monotony of a long voyage, such as that I have attempted, though feebly,

to delineate, its solitary magnificence over-whelms one. I thought as we approached, and passed the sublime exhibition, how little man was,—how near were the instruments of his annihilation everywhere,—and how easy were the erasure of the names and memory of the thirty beings on board our frail barque, without any one being left to tell the tale, or redeem it from the mists of conjecture. *O Lord! what is man, that thou art mindful of him! and the son of man, that thou visitest him! Can the reader fail to sympathize with the writer in the circulation of the Psalmist?—MS. Journal of F. M. Innes, during three years' absence from England.*

FENELON.

The Archbishop of Cambray, as observed by D'Aguesseau, was one of those uncommon men who are destined to give lustre to their age. He was affable in his deportment, and luminous in his discourse; the peculiar qualities of which, were a rich, delicate, and powerful imagination. His eloquence had more of mildness in it than vehemence; and he triumphed as much by the charms of his conversation as by the superiority of his talents. He never disputed, and appeared to yield to others at the very time that he was leading them. He seemed to discuss the greatest subjects with facility; the most trifling were ennobled by his pen; and upon the most barren topics he scattered the flowers of rhetoric. The peculiar, but, at the same time, unaffected mode of expression which he adopted, made many persons believe that he possessed universal knowledge. He was always original and creative; imitating no one, and himself imitable. His talents were long hidden in obscurity; and, although they were not much known at court, even at the time he was employed upon the mission of Poitou; yet, no sooner had the king appointed him to educate his grandson the Duke of Burgundy, than they shone forth in their native splendour. The theatre was not too spacious for the actor; and, if his predilection for the mystics had not developed the secret of his heart and the weakness of his mind, there could have been no situation to which public opinion would not have destined him.

W. G. C.

TO-MORROW.

A day may bring us pain and care,
Who knows the coming morrow,—
The grief we may with others share,
Uncertainty and sorrow!

Pleasure purchase may yield her joys,
And hopes bright rays appear,
Alas! the morrow soon destroys
Things that we hold most dear.

Then should we live that so we may,
With moderation blest,
Or woe or bliss receive at last,
The true way and the best.

Gerr.

New Books.

Up the Rhine. By Thomas Hood.
[Baillly and Co.]

[FACTIOUS Hood has this year thrown away his ancient pantomimic mask, and comes before the public in a new one altogether: instead of appearing with his Comic Annual, he has, in the frolic of his heart, been touring it abroad, and gives us the result of his peregrinations in a volume with the title of "*Up the Rhine.*" Hood *insipar*—Nor is the latter a jot less refreshing than its prototype, for still are the pages racy as ever with their quantum of quick wit, as also enriched with passages of superior thought. The cuts, too, are as grotesque and laugh-provoking as any in the famously-ryoleptic Comic, while the characters are super-excellent. Richard Orchard to wit—who fancying himself every second to be at death's door, provokes many ludicrous scenes—flery Mr. Thomas Bowker and the imperturbable Yankee—Martha Penny and her unorthographic epistles—these, with songs, sceneries, stories, and like shafts, make it a right seasonable treat. Like Master Horner, we shall attack this Christmas party, and have a touch at its plums and pleasures.

Our voyagers start for the Rhine in the Lord Melville, which, owing to a squall, appears to be attacked by a sort of navicular illness.]

The violent pitching of the ship made it difficult, if not impossible, for any mere landman to sit or stand. Indeed, it would not have been easy to sleep, in spite of the concert that prevailed. First, a beam in one corner seemed taken in labour, then another began groaning—plank after plank chimed in with its peculiar creak—every bulkhead seemed to fret with an ache in it—sometimes the floor complained of a strain—next the ceiling cried out with a pain in its joints—and then came a general squeezing sound as if the whole vessel was in the last stage of collapse. Add to these the wild howling of the wind through the rigging, till the demon of the storm seemed to be playing coronachs over us on an Æolian harp,—the clatter of hail,—the constant rushes of water around and overhead—and at every uncommon pitch, a chorus of female shrieks from the next cabin. To describe my own feelings would be impossible. Stools, trunks, bags, seemed all endowed with supernatural life, violently dancing—change sides, down the middle, back again, all round, and then *sauve qui peut*, in a sudden panic making a general rush at the cabin stairs.

Holland at first sight.

We had abundant leisure to observe Holland: the picturesque craft, with their high cabins, and cabin-windows with flower-pots and frowns,—in fact, floating houses;—while the real houses, scarcely above the water level, looked like so many family arks that had gone only ashore, and would be got off next tide. These dwellings of either kind

looked scrupulously clean, and particularly gay; the houses, indeed, with their bright pea-green doors and shutters, shining, brassy, as if by common consent, or some clause in their leases, they had all been freshly painted within the last week. At times, however, nothing could be seen but the banks, till perchance you detected a steeple and a few chimneys, as if a village had been sowed there, and was beginning to come up. The vagaries of the perspective, originating in such an arrangement, were rather amusing. For instance, I saw a ruminating cow apparently chomping the top of a tree, a Quixotic donkey attacking a windmill, and a wonderful horse quietly reposing and dosing with a weathercock growing out of his back. Indeed it is not extravagant to suppose that a frog, without hopping, often enjoys a bird's-eye view of a neighbouring town. So little was seen of the country, that my aunt, in the simplicity of her heart, inquired seriously, "Where's Holland?"—"It ought to be hereabouts, madam," said the yellow face, "if it wasn't swamped in the night."—"Swamped, indeed," said the red face; "it's sinful to mistrust Providence, but reassures me if I could live in such a place without an everlasting rainbow overhead to remind me of the promise."—"They'd be drowned to-morrow, sir," said the captain, "if they wasn't continually driving piles, and building dams, like so many beavers on two legs."

Dutch snows of cleanliness.

Mentioning snow-white sheets, if cleanliness can ever be carried to excess it is in Holland.—The very servants have such caps and kerchiefs and aprons and laces, and so beautifully got up, I can compare it to nothing but a laundress on a pleasure party taking a day's wear of her mistress's best things. Of course, they have a wash every week-day, besides the grand one on Saturdays, when they really wash up everything in the place, except the water. As an instance of their particularity, at almost every house there is a sort of double looking-glass outside the window, as if for seeing up and down the street; but Frank says it is that the Dutch ladies may watch, before being at home to a friend, whether he has dirty boots or shoes.

Dutch Amphibia.

The lives of the natives are spent between keeping out water and letting in liquor, such as schiedam, anisod, curacao, and the like; for, except for the *dramming*, they would be drowned like so many rats; and without the *dramming*, they would be martyrs to ague and rheumatics, and the marsh fever. Frank says, the Hollanders are such a cold-blooded people, that nothing but their ardent spirits keeps them from breeding back into fishes; be that as it may, I have certainly seen a Dutch youngster, no bigger than your own little Peter, junior, toss off his glass of

schnapps, as they call it, as if it was to save him from turning into a sprat.

A vulgar swell.

Boxcoated, bandana'd, and shawled, a compound of the coachman, the coxcomb, and the clerk, there was no difficulty in classifying the animal at a glance—still, in spite of a slang air, a knowing look, and the use of certain significant phrases, that are most current in London, there was such a cold-muttonish expression in his round unmeaning face, as assured you that the creature had no harm in him.

The dwarf generation of Germany.

I subsequently learned that the little manikin was a great man at Elberfeld, and that I should probably meet with several copies of this pocket edition of the human species in the Rhenish provinces. It is singular that the empire has been equally prolific in natural and supernatural dwarfs. To Germany our snow caravans and Lilliputian exhibitions have been indebted for many of their most remarkable pigmies; whilst imps, elfins, little grey men, "and such small deer," literally swarm in its romantic mythology.

Martha's opinion on foreign customs.

Only think, Becky, of the bewtiful Dutch linnin being confiscated by the Custom-house Casars! It was took up for dutis at the Garman outakirts. But as I tould the officers, the King of Garmany orin't to think only of the dutis dow to himself, but of his dutis towards his nabers. The Prushian customs is very bad customs, that's certin. Every thing that's xported into the country must pay by wait, witeh natrally falls most heaviest on the litest pusses. There's dress. Rich fokes can go in spider nets and gosumers, and fine gorses, but pore peple must ware thick stuffs and gingums, and all sorts of corse and doreable texters, and so the hard workin class cum to be more taxt than the upper orders, with their flimsy habbites. The same with other yaseful artikels. Wat's a silvur tooth pick in wait compared with a kitching poker, or a filligre goold watch to an 8 day clock!

The Cathedral at Cologne.

Gerard, 'tis a miracle of art—a splendid illustration of transcendentalism; never perhaps, was there a better attempt, for it is but a fragment, to imitate a temple made without hands. I speak especially of the interior. Your first impression on entering the building is, of its exquisite lightness: to speak after the style of the Apostle Paul, it seems not "of the earth earthy," but of heaven and heavenly, as if it could take to itself wings and soar upwards. The name of its original architect is unknown in the civic archives, but assuredly it is enrolled in letters of gold in some masonic record of Christian faith. If from impression ariseth expression, its glorious builder must have had a true sense of

the holy nature of his task. The very materials seem to have lost their materialism in his hands, in conformity with the design of a great genius spiritualised by its fervent homage to the Divine Spirit. In looking upward along the tall slender columns which seem to have sprung spontaneously from the earth like so many reeds, and afterwards to have been petrified, for only nature herself seemed capable of combining so much lightness with durability, I almost felt, as the architect must have done, that I had cast off the burden of the flesh, and had a tendency to mount skywards. In other edifices, I have been always overcome with an awe amounting to gloom; whereas at Cologne the state of my mind rose somewhat above serenity. Lofty, aspiring, cheerful, the light of heaven more abundantly admitted than excluded, and streaming through painted panes, with all the varied colours of the first promise, the distant roof seemed to re-echo with any other strains than those of that awful hymn, the "Dies Irae." In opposition to the Temple of Religious Fear, I should call it the Temple of Pious Hope.

Poor Jack. No. I. By Captain Marryat.
[Longman and Co.]

[WHATEVER may be the merit of Captain Marryat's writings when they touch upon matters connected with *terra firma*; however ingenious may be philosophical speculations upon national peculiarities and modes of government; there are few of his admirers who will not frankly confess that they think him most 'at home' when he is 'at sea,' and that he is, out of question, most really and unequivocally 'true' in those of his works which professedly wear the garb of fiction.

We, therefore, with the remembrance of those veritable portraits, 'The King's Own,' 'Peter Simple,' 'Jacob Faithful,' and other sons of the water, lively upon us, gladly respond to the 'hall' of 'Poor Jack,' and engage for the next twenty months punctually to step into the boat his fingers shall direct us to.

The mode of publication is evidently suggested by the success of the 'Pickwick Papers,' and 'Nicholas Nickleby,' but there the imitation ends; 'Poor Jack,' both in style and in its illustrations, is entirely original. The form of the narrative is autobiographical. The present number is principally occupied with a description of Jack's father and mother; the former a not over-favourable specimen of an English sailor, yet without possession of some good fatherly qualities; the latter a woman of decent external conduct, but wretched in temper, vulgar and affected in manners, and even wrong at heart.

In the following extract, the home of 'Poor Jack' is described; the father is supposed to be at sea, his wife having been instrumental in his imprisonment.]

My readers must not expect me to tell them much of what passed during the first four years of my existence. I have a recollection of a deal-board put at the door of our house,

which opened into Fisher's-alley, to prevent me, and afterwards my sister, from crawling out. Fisher's-alley is a very narrow street, and what was said in a room on one side of it, can be heard on the other, and I used to hang over the board and listen; there were drunken men and drunken women, and occasionally scolding and fighting.

My mother, having made up her mind to be saving, had taken a lease of the house, and furnished it; and every day I heard her saying at the door, "Walk in, gentlemen; I've a nice clean room and boiling hot water;"—for the seamen used to come in to take tea, drink, and smoke; and so did the old pensioners, occasionally, for my mother had made acquaintance with several of them.

I was always very ragged and dirty, for my mother neglected and ill-treated me: as soon as my sister was born she turned all her affections over to Virginia, who was always very much petted, well dressed, and a very beautiful child.

All this I recollect, but little more, except that my mother gave me several beatings for calling my sister "Jenny," which I had learnt to do from others who knew her; but when my mother heard them, she was always very angry, and told them that her child had not such a vulgar name; at which, many would laugh, and make a point of calling out "Jenny," to Virginia whenever they passed, and saw her at the door. When I was a little more than four years old, I would climb over the board, for I had no pleasure at home. As I grew older, I used to hasten down to the landing-steps on the beach, where the new inn, called the "Trafalgar," now stands, and watch the tide as it receded, and pick up anything I could find, such as bits of wood and oakum; and I would wonder at the ships which lay in the stream, and the vessels sailing up and down. I would sometimes remain out late, to look at the moon, and the lights on board of the vessels passing; and then I would turn my eyes to the stars, and repeat the lines which I had heard my mother teach little Virginia to lip:—

"Pretty little twinkling star,
How I wonder what you are;
All above the earth so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

And when I did stay out late I was sure of having no supper, and, very often, a good beating; and then Virginia would wake and cry, because my mother beat me, for we were fond of each other. And my mother used to take Virginia on her knee, and make her say her prayers every night; but she never did so to me: and I used to hear what Virginia said, and then go into a corner, and repeat it to myself—I could not imagine why Virginia should be taught to pray, and that I should not.

As I said before, my mother let lodgings, and kept the ground-floor front room for people to drink tea and smoke in; and I used to take my little stool, and sit at the knees of

the pensioners who came in, and hear all their stories, and try to make out what they meant, for half was to me incomprehensible, and I brought them fire for their pipes, and ran messages. Old Ben the Whaler, as they called him, was the one who took most notice of me, and said that I should be a man one of these days, which I was very glad to hear then. And I made a little boat for my sister, which cost me a great deal of trouble and labour; and Ben helped me to paint it, and I gave it to Virginia, and she and I were both so pleased; but when my mother saw it, she threw it into the fire, saying it was "so ungenteel," and we both cried, and old Ben was very angry.

[The illustrations by 'Stanfield' are, as might be expected, marititious, the one representing 'Poor Jack' is prepossessing; and on Wordsworth's theory that

"The child is father of the man,"

makes us anticipate he will grow up a man we shall be proud of.]

The Public Journals.

LONDON PRINTING-OFFICES.

In the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, under the title of "The Printer's Devil," there is a very interesting and graphic *tableau* of Messrs. Clowes' Printing-office, probably the most perfect establishment in Europe.

After detailing the number of compositors, pressmen, readers, type-founders, pickers, gatherers and errand boys, &c., employed, the author gives us a view of the immense resources of this emporium for the dissemination of learning: here are to be seen, in constant work, nineteen steam-presses, (each capable of printing one thousand sheets an hour,) and twenty-three common or hand-presses, besides a proof-press in each of the compositors' rooms. By these steam and hand-presses, Messrs. Clowes are enabled at this time, to print simultaneously, 'Brown's folio Bible'; 'Vyses Spelling-book'; 'First Report of St. Martin's Subscription Library'; 'Religious Tracts'; 'Penny Cyclopaedia'; 'Penny Magazine'; 'The Harmonist,' (in musical type); 'The Imperial Calendar'; 'Booksellers' Catalogues'; 'Registration Reports'; 'The Christian Spectator'; 'Pictorial Shakspeare'; 'Henry's folio Bible'; 'Butler's Lives of the Saints'; 'Registration of Births and Deaths'; 'Boothroyd's Bible'; 'Palestine, or the Holy Land'; 'The Way to be Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise,' (800,000 copies, of which 20,000 are delivered per day); 'The Quarterly Review,' &c. &c. It is impossible to contemplate the machinery in motion, or to calculate its produce, without being deeply impressed with the inestimable value to the human race of the art of printing; an art which, in spite of the opposition it first met with, has triumphantly risen above the ignorance and superstition which would willingly have smothered it.

We have not room to quote the author's pleasing remarks on the labour and expenses attendant on the production of our earliest printed books, but must satisfy ourselves with describing the 'vast capabilities and resources' the Messrs. Clowes have at command in the prosecution of their immense concern. These gentlemen have the advantage of casting their own types, and are thus enabled to 'supply the compositors with a stream of new type, flowing in upon them at the rate of 50,000 [types] per day.'

By the facility which the possession of such abundance of type gives to Messrs. Clowes, they are enabled to send proofs to the East and West Indies, and are at this moment engaged in printing a work regularly published in England every month, the proof-sheets of which are sent by our steamers to be corrected by the author in America!

The number of sheets now standing in type at Messrs. Clowes's, each weighing, on an average, about 100 lbs., are above 1,600. The weight of type not in forma, amounts to about 100 tons!—the weight of the stereotype plates in their possession, to about 2,000 tons; the cost to the proprietors, (without including the original composition of the types from which they were cast,) about 200,000*l*. The number of wood-cuts is about 50,000. The stereotype-plates are contained in two strong rooms or cellars; and the ponderous contents of one of these cellars, principally devoted to religious instruction, amounts in value to no less than 200,000*l*!

The quantity of paper in the two drying-rooms amounts to about 3,000 reams; the supply of white paper in store, about 7,000 reams: the amount of paper printed every week and delivered for publication, amounts to about 1,500 reams.

The ink used in the same space of time, amounts to about 12,000 lbs.

The cost of the paper may be about 100,000*l*; that of the ink exceeding 1,500*l*.

Such is the gigantic Printing-office of 1840; how different from the humble, but lucrative

Printing-Office of 1789,

in which the compiler of the above brief sketch was taught "The Art and Mystery." It was the first jobbing-office in London, yet conducted in two rooms on the second floor, and a large attic. The materials consisted of two wooden presses, with type, &c., in great variety and weight. The hands employed in the chapel, or office, were generally about twelve, the foreman receiving 30*s*. per week. The four apprentices sleep'd in the composing-room; had bread and cheese and beer for breakfast—plentiful and good—as also the best of meat for dinner, with bread and cheese for supper; they knew nothing then about tea: beautiful pocket-money was supplied them every Sunday after coming from church with their mistress and master. This old-fashioned custom is now nearly obsolete.

Insignificant as the above office may appear in comparison with those of the present day, yet the proprietor was a

"Canary man for a' that."

He lived—as all printers ought to live—like a nobleman: kept plenty of company—relieved the poor—subscribed to the various charities; went annually to the Bank and deposited a good round sum, the surplus cash of the profits of his trade.——But——*Times are altered!*

GOOD MANNERS BY PRESCRIPTION.

WHEN the widow of Peter the Great ascended the imperial throne of Russia, the women of that empire were yet slaves in every sense of the word. The empress conceived the laudable desire of raising them to the rank which the women of the remainder of Europe occupied; she patronized the introduction of English fashions; the women discontinued living in their apartments alone; they received company, paid visits, and formed meetings. But the empress was not long discovering that it was a matter of no little difficulty to introduce all at once a proper principle of decorum and steadiness among women who till then had had no ideas of their own. Her imperial majesty consequently published an order of observance, the following of which are a few of the articles of this curious document:—

1. A lady, desirous of giving a party, must first give notice to the members of both sexes, either through cards of invitation or otherwise.
2. The party must not begin before four or five o'clock, and must break up at ten.
3. The master of the house need not go and meet the invited persons, nor accompany them home on their leaving. He will see that the room is sufficiently provided with chairs, lights, liquors, and other things that the company might be in want of; he will also take care that there be playing-cards, &c.
4. Any one may come when he likes; it is sufficient to be presented to the company.
5. Any one may, according to his inclination, sit down, walk about, or play, and no one has a right to disturb him, under pain of emptying the great eagle, (a large bottle of brandy.) It is only necessary to salute the company at arriving and leaving.
6. To the servants, except those of the house, a particular place must be assigned, to leave room in the apartment in which the party is given.
7. It is forbidden to women to get tipsy, under any pretext whatever; and to men, to inebriate themselves before nine o'clock.
8. The ladies in playing at forfeits, at cross questions and answers, &c., will be cautious not to commit any indecency. No one can compel them to be kissed; should any one strike them, he is to be expelled from the company.

H. M.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S PICTURE OF AMERICA.

FIFTY years have passed away, and, from purity of manners, her moral code has sunk below that of most other nations. She has attempted to govern herself;—she is dictated to by the worst of tyrannies. She has planted the tree of liberty;—instead of its flourishing, she has neither freedom of speech nor of action. She has railed against the vices of monarchical forms of government, and every vice against which she has raised up her voice is still more prevalent under her own. She has cried out against corruption—she is still more corrupt; against bribery—her people are to be bought and sold; against tyranny—she is in fetters. She has proved to the world that, with every advantage on her side, the attempt at a republic has been a miserable failure, and that the time is not yet come when mankind can govern themselves.

COCOA-NUT TREE.

The cocoa-nut tree is of great importance to commerce; it contains in itself nearly all the important properties of that valuable family of plants, the palm. In India, it occurs to a greater extent than the olive in Spain, or the willow in Holland; and there is no part of it which cannot be applied to some useful purpose. Capt. Seely says, that when he was stationed at Goa, he lived in a cocoa-nut leaf house; and at the very height of the monsoon, the house, though on the sea-coast, was warm and comfortable. Not a nail was used in the whole building. The rafters were fastened with string made of the fibrous envelope of the shell; the wood was the tree itself; the roof, walls, doors, and windows, were the leaf. The fibres are woven into cables by which ships of the line have safely rode out gales of wind when European cables have perished. The tree bears fruit twice or thrice in the year; the nut contains three or four pints of clear fragrant fluid, and from its highly nutritious qualities is used as an aliment in all inter-tropical countries. In 1813, the number of cocoa-trees in Ceylon, along a line of coast of about one hundred and eighty-four miles, was 10,000,000, and that number was afterwards increased. Elephants are fed on the leaves, and the ashes of the tree contain so great a proportion of potash, that the native washerwomen use them instead of soap. Caps, and other articles are formed from the shell; and *palm wine* is obtained from the liquor, which flows from cutting the extremity of the sheath whence the flowers arise. This liquor also produces sugar, and vinegar may be formed from it; the oil is used almost exclusively in India, and is not inferior to sweet almond oil.

KNOWLEDGE OF ANIMALS.

THE higher order of animals understand the language of man addressed to them. The elephant is encouraged to work by the most endearing expressions, and he is humiliated by being told that others do better than himself. It is most common to promise him some recompense for extra labour, and the effects which follow are too common to encourage any scepticism on the subject. We have ourselves, as a matter of experiment, observed to a person present, in our ordinary tone, and without any apparent notice of a terrier lying in the room—"That we should take a walk by-and-bye, but we did not intend to take Pincher to-day." This was always heard, though, as before observed, it was not addressed to the dog, nor spoken in an elevated voice; yet the effects were the same, for invariably the animal slunk to a remote corner of the room, where he laid himself down disconsolate. If we in a little time afterwards remarked in a similar tone—"That we had altered our mind, and should take Pincher,"—poor Pincher was instantly at our feet, thanking us for the change.—*Blaine's Encyclopaedia of Rural Sports.*

GERARD'S METEOROLOGICAL TABLE

FOR JANUARY, 1846.

Explanation of Terms used.

FAIR—A day in which there is no rain.

RAIN—A day in which there is rain, more or less.

The other Terms explain themselves.

Wednes.	1	Fair.
Thurs.	2	Fair.
Fri.	3	Fair, slight frost.
Satur.	4	Fair and frosty.
Sun.	5	Fair and frosty.
Mon.	6	Fair and frosty.
Tues.	7	Fair and frosty.
Wednes.	8	Fair and frosty.
Thurs.	9	Fair and frosty.
Fri.	10	Fair and frosty.
Satur.	11	Fair and frosty.
Sun.	12	Stormy.
Mon.	13	Snow and stormy.
Tues.	14	Stormy, rain.
Wednes.	15	Rain, very cloudy, gloomy.
Thurs.	16	Rain, cloudy, gloomy.
Fri.	17	Rain, cloudy, gloomy.
Satur.	18	Fair.
Sun.	19	Hard frost.
Mon.	20	Hard frost.
Tues.	21	Hard frost.
Wednes.	22	Hard frost. Lowest degree of winter temperature.
Thurs.	23	Hard frost.
Fri.	24	Hard frost.
Satur.	25	Hard frost.
Sun.	26	Snow and rain.
Mon.	27	Snow and rain.
Tues.	28	Rain.
Wednes.	29	Snow and rain.
Thurs.	30	Snow and rain.
Fri.	31	Rain.

The Gatherr.

Vase in the British Museum.—A correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* (from which talented work we quoted, in our last week's number, the notice relative to the Portland Vase in the British Museum) states that it is the Hamilton Vase, the best specimen of Greek fictile art in the national collection, which M. Gerhard, during his late stay in England, in examining, discovered the names of almost every figure inscribed upon the vase, with the addition of that of the maker—and not the Portland, which is fabricated of glass, consequently not fictile, and is never, under any circumstances, removed from the position where it is deposited by its noble proprietor. We refer our readers to the interesting communication, in No. 1197 of the *Literary Gazette*.

It has been recently stated by Dr. Wiltshire, that dead and living vegetable structures emit light. Wood rotted in the air never shines, but only when buried in the earth with the sap contained in it; mushrooms, potatoes, &c. evolve light during the putrefactive stage.

Railroads in England.—It is the opinion of well-informed men, that ten millions of pounds additional capital will be required for the railroads during the year 1840.

Mr. Leydon has laid out an arboretum at Derby, at the expense of Mr. Strutt, who intends to present it to the town.

Mr. Weld, of Lutworth, is in possession of a most beautiful Psalter, formed for that eminent patron of the arts, John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the larger illuminations represent the principal events in the life of the Psalmist; and there is a great profusion of medallion heads occurring in almost every page, among which, several portraits have been recognized.

Maintenance of Convicts.—It appears, by a late report, that the annual expense of each prisoner in Cold Bath Fields Prison, amounts to 13s. 14s. 2d.—In the Penitentiary, Milbank, 24s. 6s. 1d.—of men on board the Hulks (deducting value of labour) 7l. 14s. 2d.—virtual-ling of boys on board the Euryalus hulk, 23d. per day.

At a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, [Dec. 19, 1839.] Mr. Herbert Smith produced a series of finished drawings of ancient paintings lately discovered on the walls of the church of Barhamston, in Kent, and supposed to be coeval with the Norman architecture of that remarkable fabric, and of the age of Henry II.

Thrushes great destroyers of Snails.—The thrush is a bird of great utility in a garden where wall-fruit is grown, owing to the peculiar inclination which it has for feeding upon snails, and very many does he dialodge in the course of the day.

Bed-room of the Viceroy of Egypt.—It is a saloon after the fashion of those in the Parisian hotels. In the midst of this apartment is spread a large rough white woollen stuff, looking like two or three sheep-skins sewn together; and over this is laid a large mattress, covered with a tissue of silk, embroidered in gold, like the girdles of the Levant. This bed is surrounded by an ample mosquito-curtain of gauze, embroidered with broad rose-coloured riband. The mosquito-curtain does not close completely round; and two men are stationed, by night, at each side of the bed, to drive away the mosquito.—*Athenaeum*.



The old Chain-house, at Hull.

Modern improvement has just destroyed the old Chain-house, at the south-end of High-street, Hull; it was an ancient brick-building, and the oldest relic of the town, with the exception of the chancel of Trinity Church. The earliest mention of it is in 1269.

The Rajah of Traganore is named.—Sree Padmarata Dasea Vanchoo Banis Rama Koola Shakhur Cereeta Putee Rama Rajah Bahadree Munnei Iooltan Sheinahail Jung.—“What’s in a name?”

That kind-hearted and brilliant wit, James Smith, Esq., one of the authors of the “Rejected Addresses,” died, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, at his residence, Craven-street, Strand, on Tuesday se’nnight.

It appears by a record in the *Times*, that the temperature on the night of the 24th of last December, was only one degree colder than the corresponding date in the month of the preceding June.

The Royal Society have awarded the Royal Medals to Dr. Martin Barry, for his researches in an important portion of animal physiology; and to Mr. Ivory, for his paper on astronomical refraction. And the Copley Medal for the year to Mr. Brown, for his valuable discoveries in vegetable impregnation.

The *Boston Traveller* says, the best snuff in the world is a snuff of the morning air.

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